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1860

I've Left the Snow Clad Hills

George Linley

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Laura Lewis

JENNY LIND MUSIC.

By the sad sea wave,– Bride of Venice.
My Home, my happy Home.
I Dreamed of my father land.
I've left my snow clad hills.
Rataplan.

Child of the Regiment.
Song of the Down.
Search thro' the wide world.
We now must part.
We live mid the bounding

BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO. 277 Washington St.

C.C. CLAPP & CO. Boston. S.T. GORDON. N. York. H. PRINCE. Montreal. BECK & LAWTON. Philada. TRUAX & BALDWIN. Cinn.

I'VE LEFT THE SNOW CLAD HILLS.

G. LINLEY.

ALLEGRETTO MA NON TROPPO.

mf *ritard.*

I've left the snow-clad hill, Where my fa-ther's hut doth stand, . . My

p

rall.

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stranger land. I'm

rall. *fz*

but a poor young girl, In my sim ple peasant guise; . . Un-

rall.

skill'd in all the arts and wiles, That worldlings prize;

I

fz

piu mosso.

trill my mountain lay, Ev'-ry where I chance to roam; Oh!

rall.

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home, . . No

colla voce

a tempo. *rall.*

place can ev - er be to me, Like that dear home. My own, sweet home! My

rall.

own belov - ed home!

ritard.

f

Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, Dwells

p

rall.

one, to whom I'm plighted To be - stow my hand. But

fz

not without a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, . . And

rall.

I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

fz

Piu mosso.

youth he is so no - - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

rall.

soon - er than de - sert him, I'd lay me in my grave. No

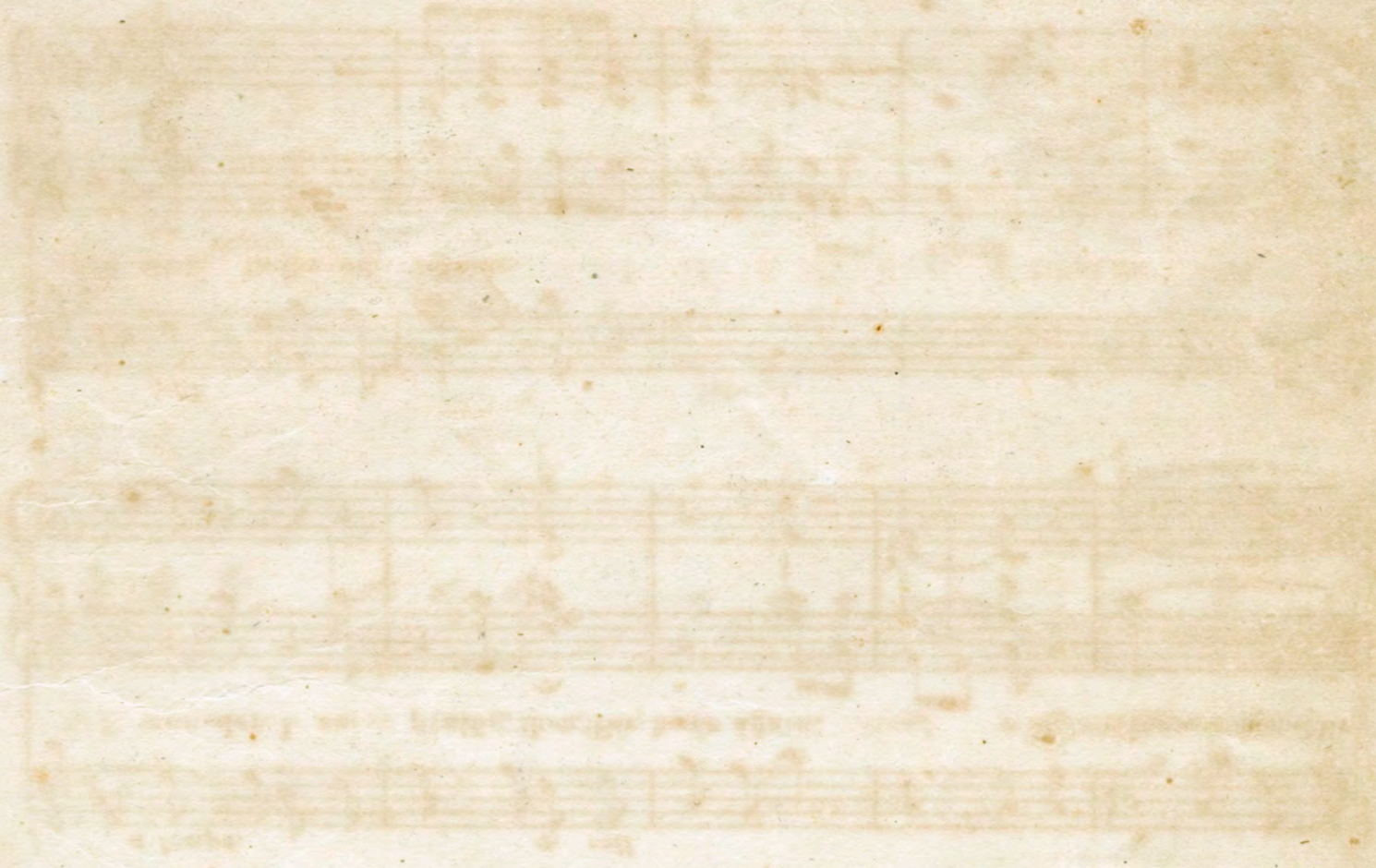
colla voce.

a tempo. *rall.*

won - der I am pining, then For home again. My own, sweet home! My

rall.

own, bel'ov - ed home.

ritard:

f